

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to fight with him.*  
Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chafe,  
My selfe will hunt this Deare to death.

*War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farwell, as I intend to prosper well to day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassailde.

*Exit Warwicke.*

*Torke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled heere alone,  
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee, and all the house of *Lancaster.*

*Clifford.* And heere I stand, and pitch my foote to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of *Torke.*

*Alarmer, and they fight, and Torke kills Clifford.*

*Torke.* Now *Lancaster* sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,  
Come fearefull *Henry* grouelling on thy face,  
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of *Torke.*

*Exit Torke.*

*Alarmer, then enter young Clifford alone.*

*Young Clifford.* Father of *Cumberland*,  
VVhere I may seeke my aged Father forth?  
Oh dismall fight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his lake-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all *Cumberlands* true house,  
Sweete father, to thy mured ghost I sweare  
Immortall hate vnto the house of *Torke*,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuendge thy death,  
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

*He takes him vp on his backe.*

And thus as old *Ankises* sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloody *Greekes*,  
Euen so will I. But stay, heer's one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter*

*Torke and Lancaster.*

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fightes with him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crook'd-backe villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe  
(When I haue borne my father to his Tent)  
Ile try my fortune better with thee yet.

*Exit young Clifford with his Father.*

*Alarmer againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.*

*Alarmer still, and then enter the King and Queene.*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, and flye to London straight,  
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them:  
Come, stand not to expostulate, let's go.

*King.* Come then faire *Queene*, to London let vs hast,  
And summon vp a Parliament with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

*Exit King and Queene.*

*Alarmer, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of Torke, Edward, and Richard.*

*Torke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,  
I hope to vs and ours, for *Englands* good,  
And our great honour, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart *Henry* did vsurpe our rights.  
But did you see old *Salisbury*, since we  
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,  
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,  
The boldest spirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter*